

#6

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**BAD
BUG**
MIDNIGHT
MATURE 17+

FLICKERING LIGHTS





FLICKERING LIGHTS

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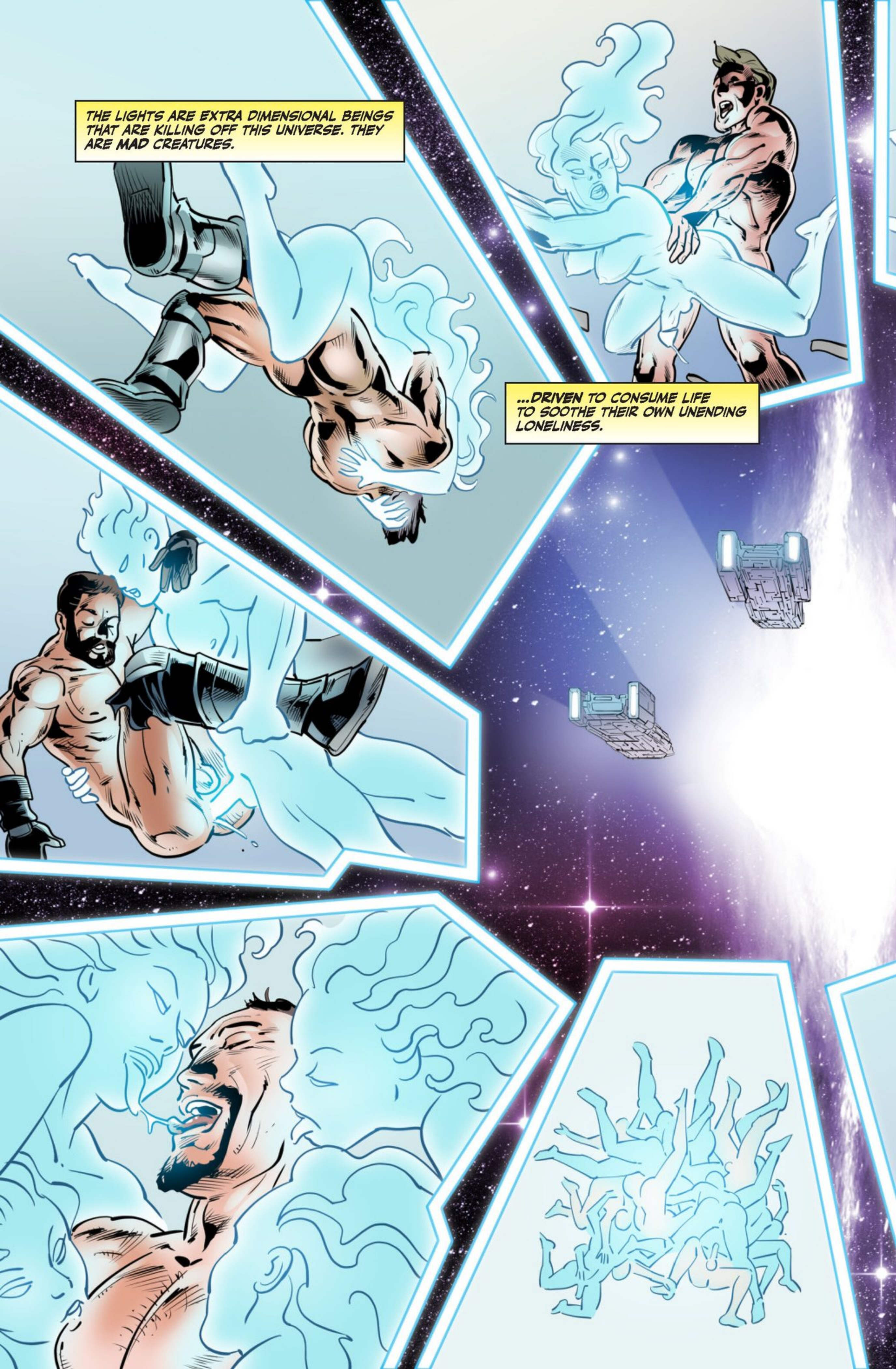
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The image depicts a dramatic space scene. Three large, complex spaceships, resembling advanced military vessels or exploration craft, are shown in formation, flying from the left towards the right. They are set against a deep blue background filled with numerous stars. A massive, bright white light source, possibly a star or a nebula, dominates the right side of the frame, creating a strong lens flare effect. The ships have a metallic, greyish-blue color with some yellow highlights on their engines or sensors. The overall composition suggests a journey or a mission towards a distant, luminous destination.

**THREE SHIPS...THE NOTUS, THE BOREAS
AND THE AEOLUS, ALONG WITH THEIR CREWS,
CAME TO FIND THE SOURCE OF THE "LIGHTS."**

THE LIGHTS ARE EXTRA DIMENSIONAL BEINGS
THAT ARE KILLING OFF THIS UNIVERSE. THEY
ARE MAD CREATURES.

...DRIVEN TO CONSUME LIFE
TO SOOTHE THEIR OWN UNENDING
LONELINESS.





NOW...THE NOTUS AND
THE BOREAS ARE LOST.



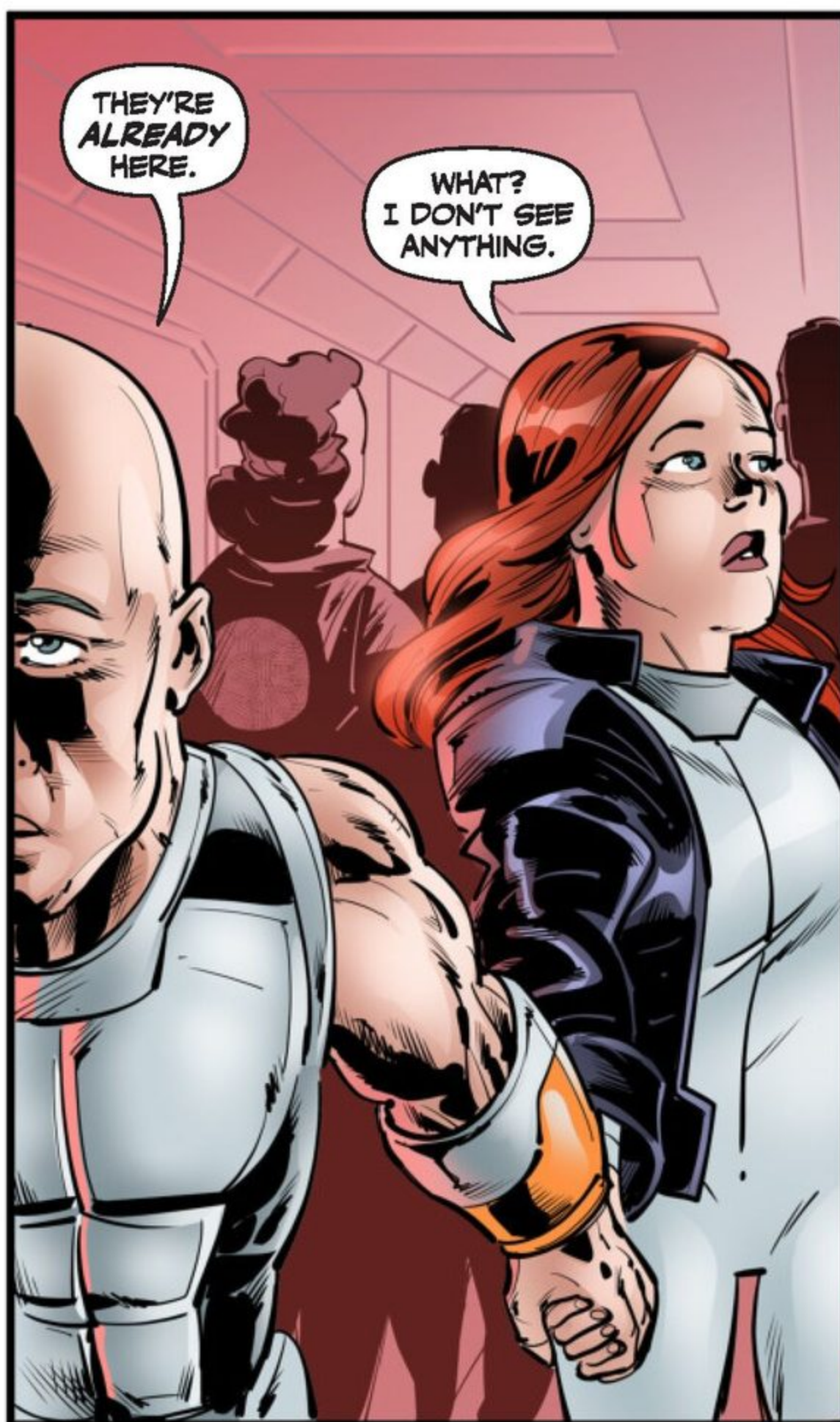
AND THE AEOLUS IS NEXT.

WHY AREN'T WE IN OUR QUARTERS?

THE CAPTAIN IS GOING TO TAKE THE SHIP TO SAFETY BEFORE THE LIGHTS GET HERE.



IT'S TOO LATE, PAGE.



THEY'RE ALREADY HERE.

WHAT? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING.



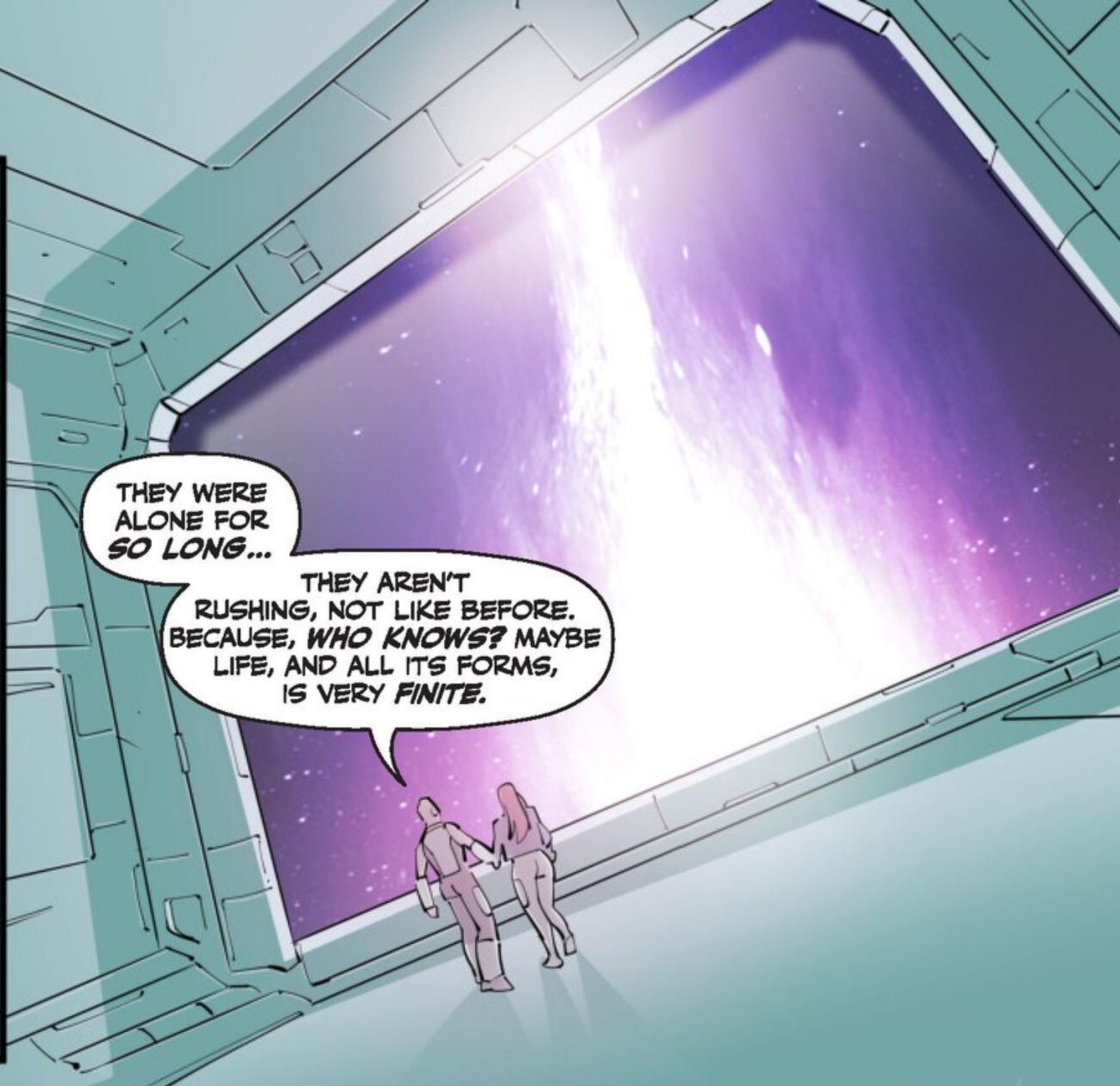
THEY'RE WATCHING THE CREW.

IT'S WHAT THEY DO. WATCH BEFORE THEY INTERACT.



SAMUEL, YOU'RE ACTING ODD.

...WHAT DID YOU SEE AT THE TEAR?





AND SAMUEL?

STILL NO WORD.



HE MIGHT BE IN HIS QUARTERS. JUST AS WAS ORDERED.

NO. HE'S TO COME HERE. I TOLD HIM AS MUCH.



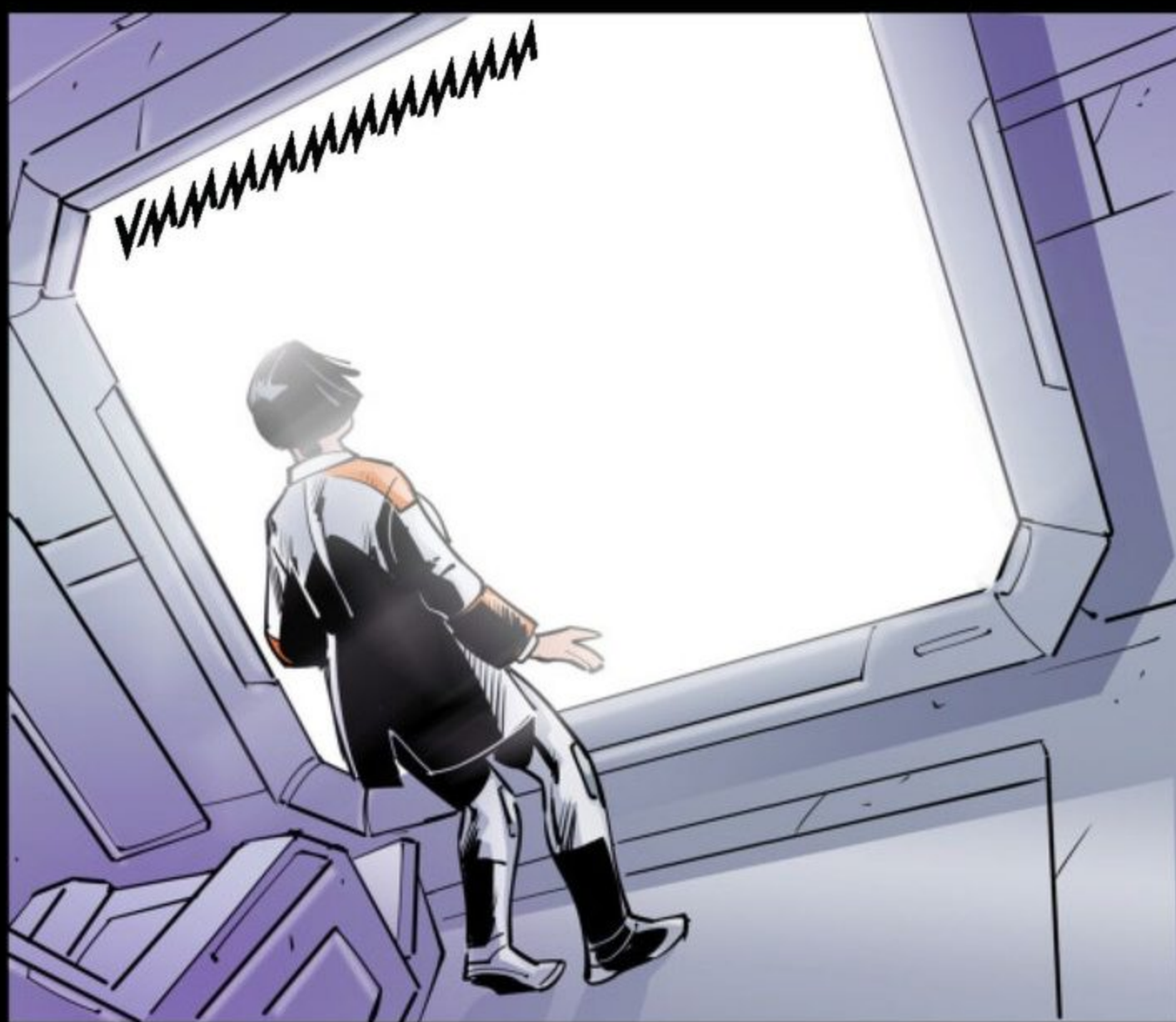
DOCTOR... D-DID YOU TURN ON ANOTHER FILM?

WHAT?



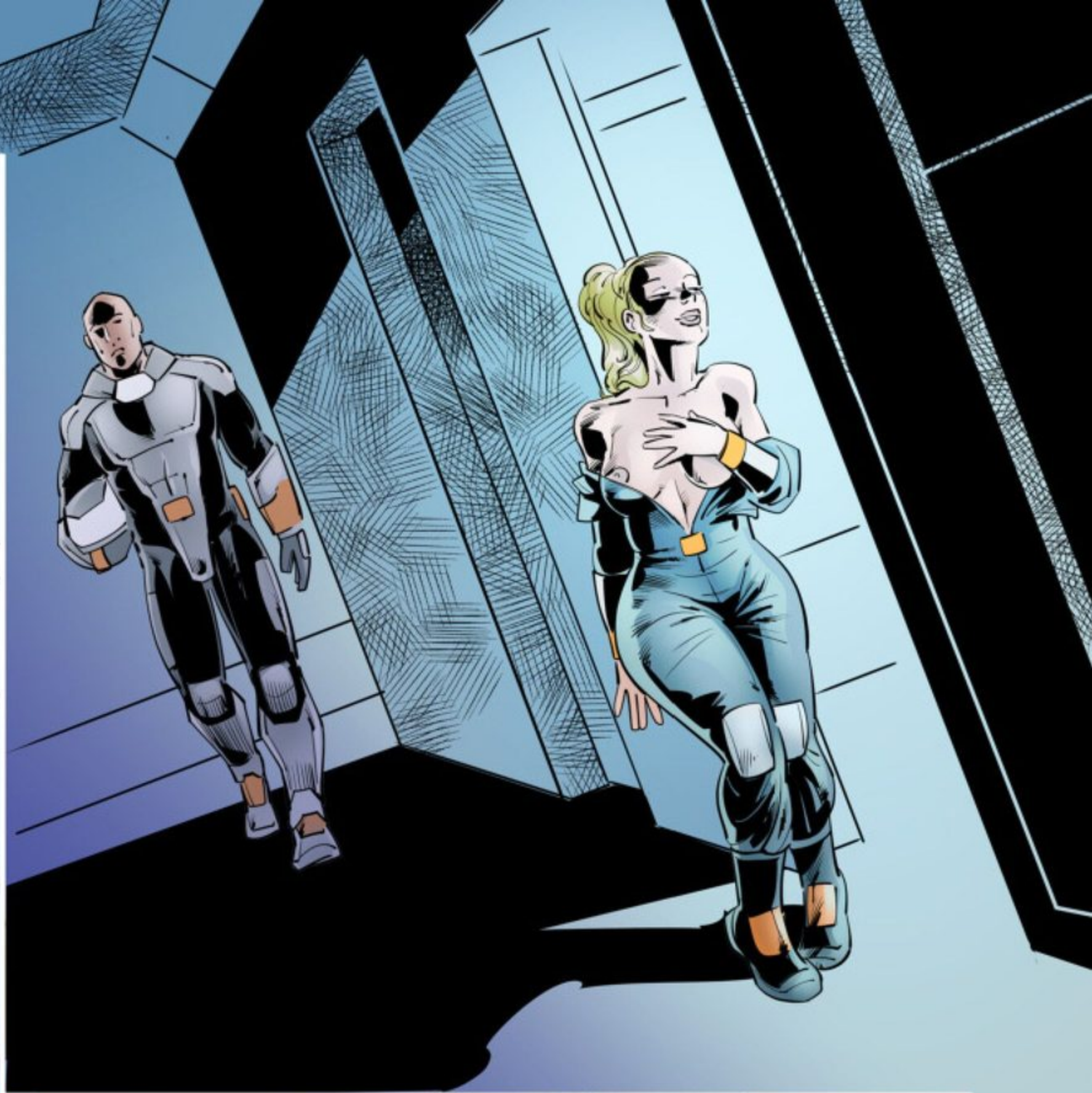
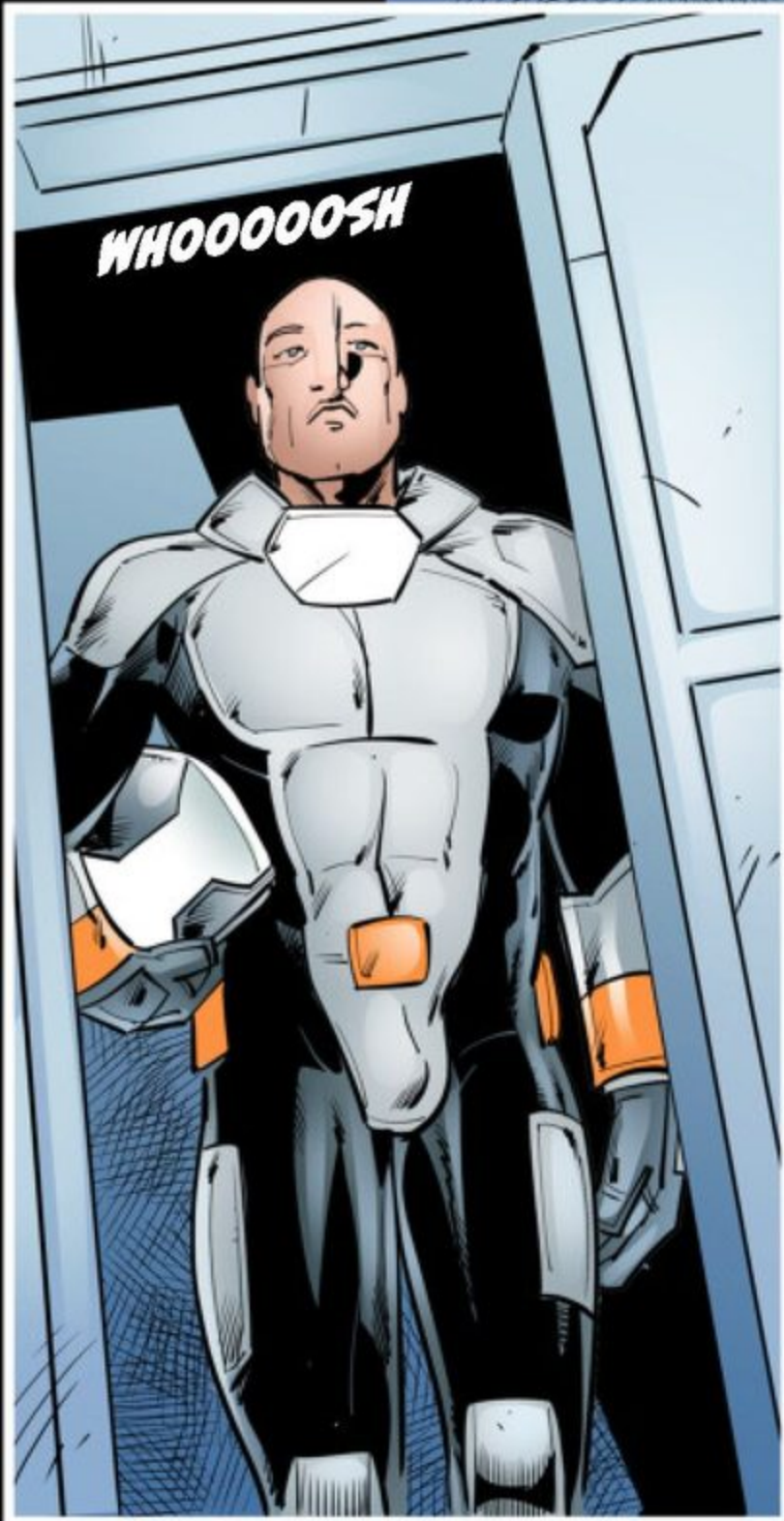
THERE'S SOMETHING... ON THE SCREEN.

TINTSO, I'M LOSING YOU!









SOMEWHERE ELSE
ON THE AEOLUS.

YOU AREN'T
SAMUEL!

...I
CAN BE.

I CAN BE
HIM AND...*MORE* OF
WHAT YOU WANT
HIM TO BE.

MORE OF
WHAT YOU *NEED*
HIM TO BE.

YOU CAN
LEAVE THIS ROOM,
PAGE, YOU MIGHT
EVEN FIND THE REAL
SAMUEL..

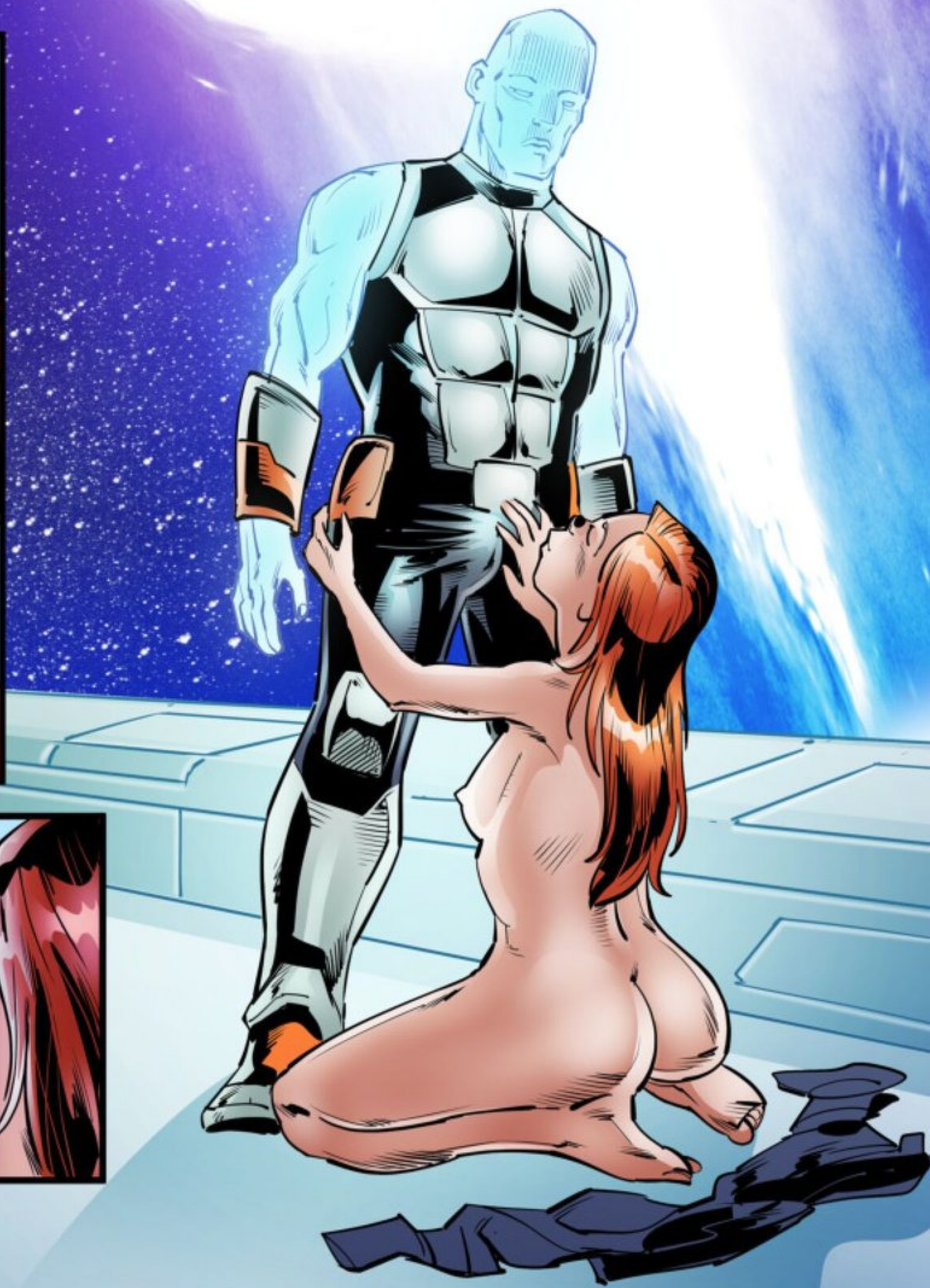
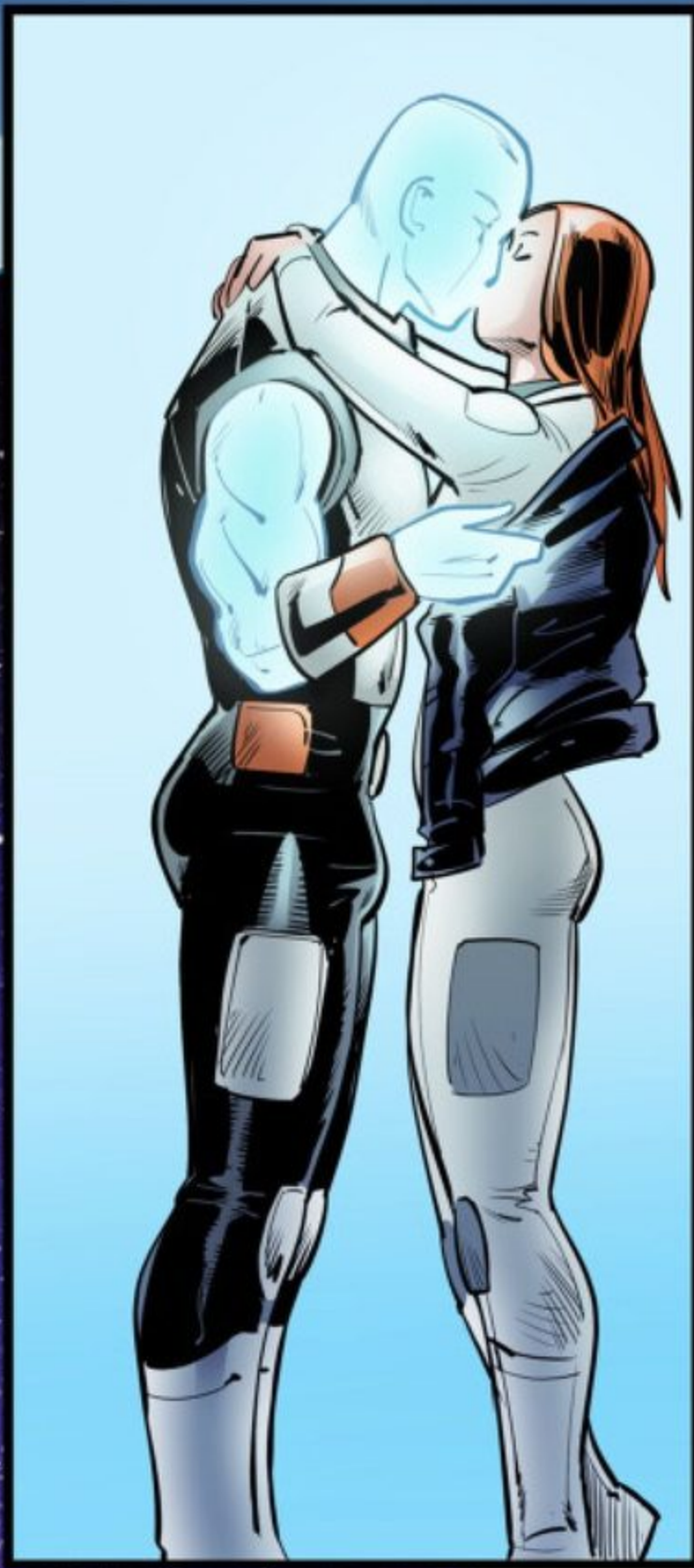
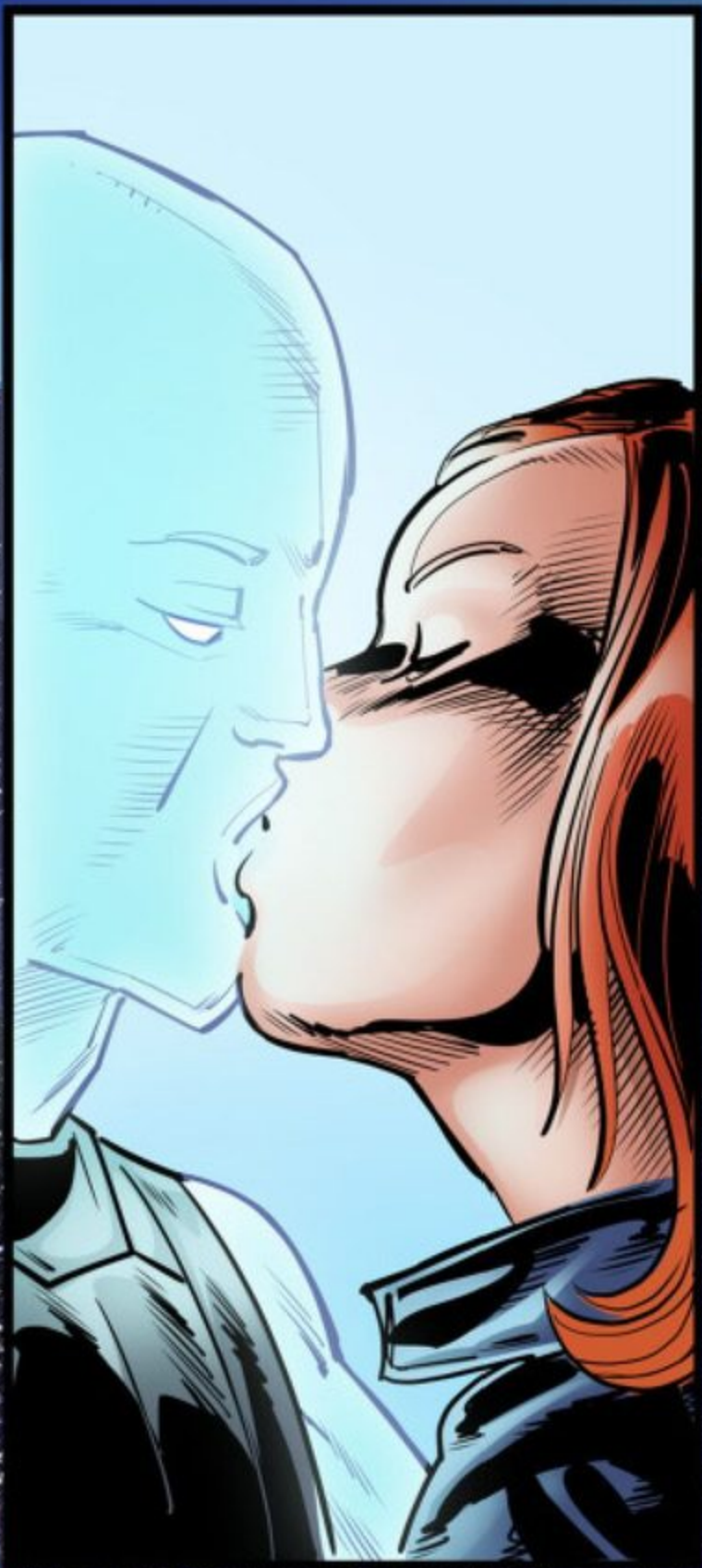
BUT YOU'LL
NEVER HAVE
HIM.

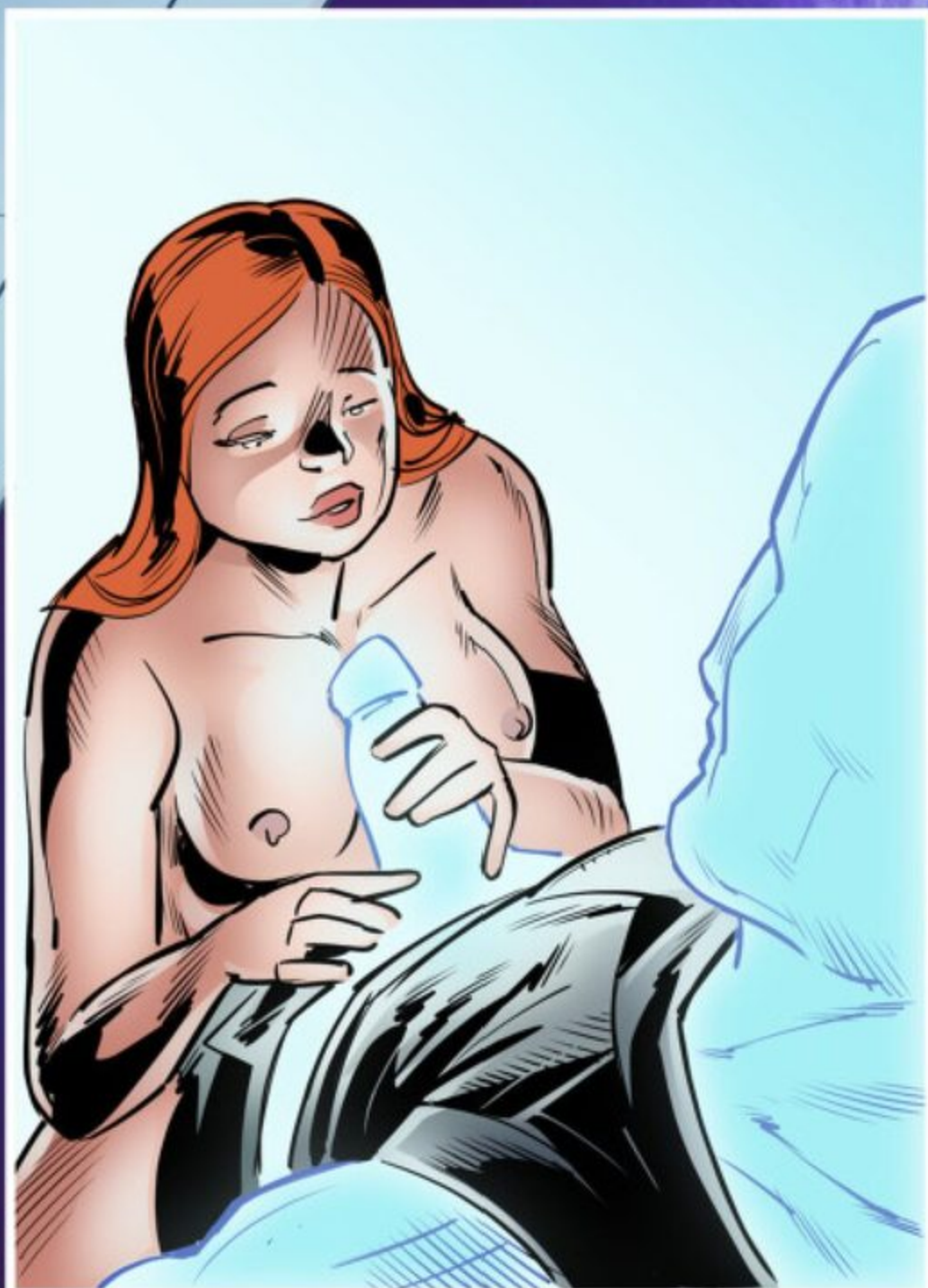
NOT
LIKE YOU CAN
HAVE ME.

...
W-WOULD
YOU HURT
ME?

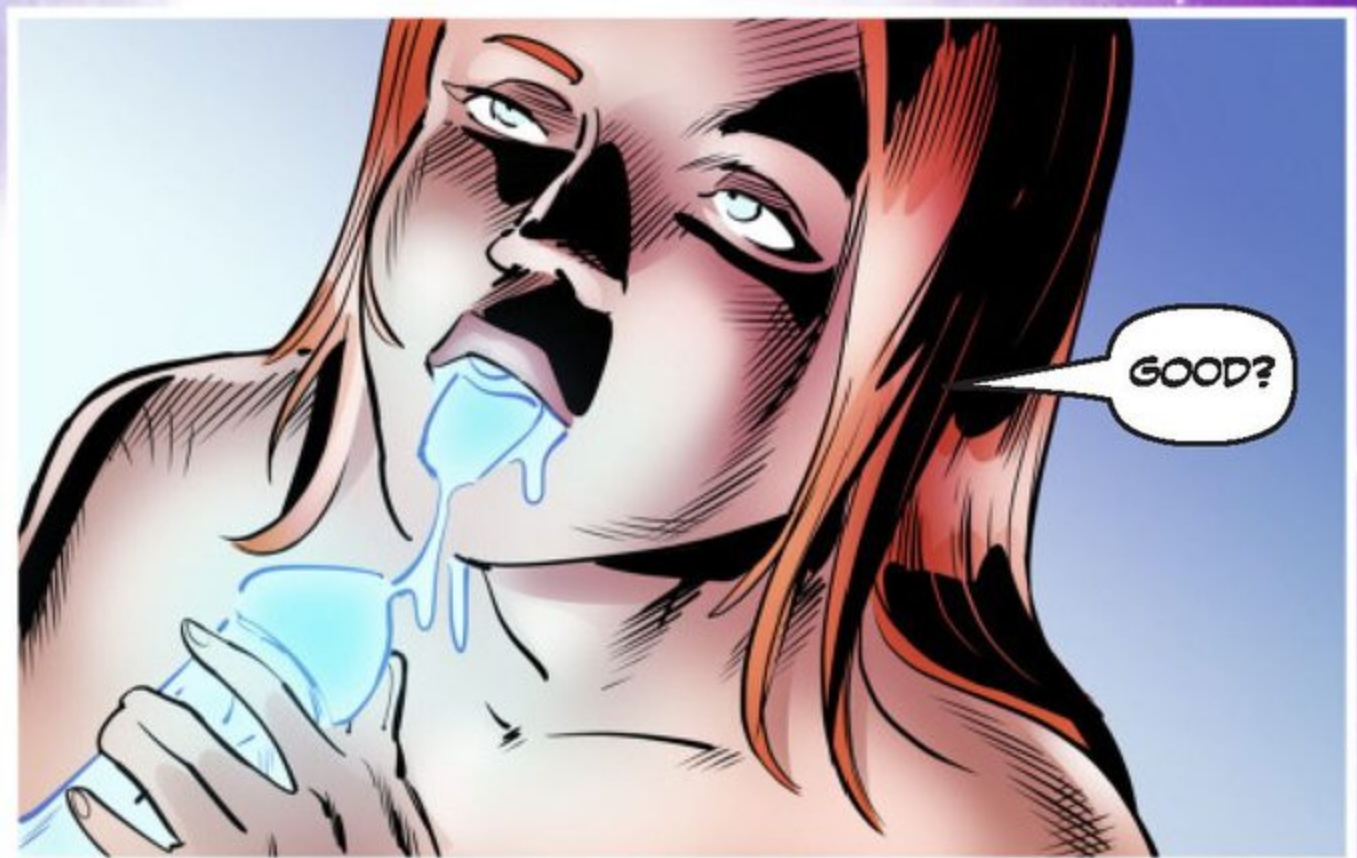
NEVER...

NEVER
SO MUCH AS
YOUR OWN HEART
WOULD.



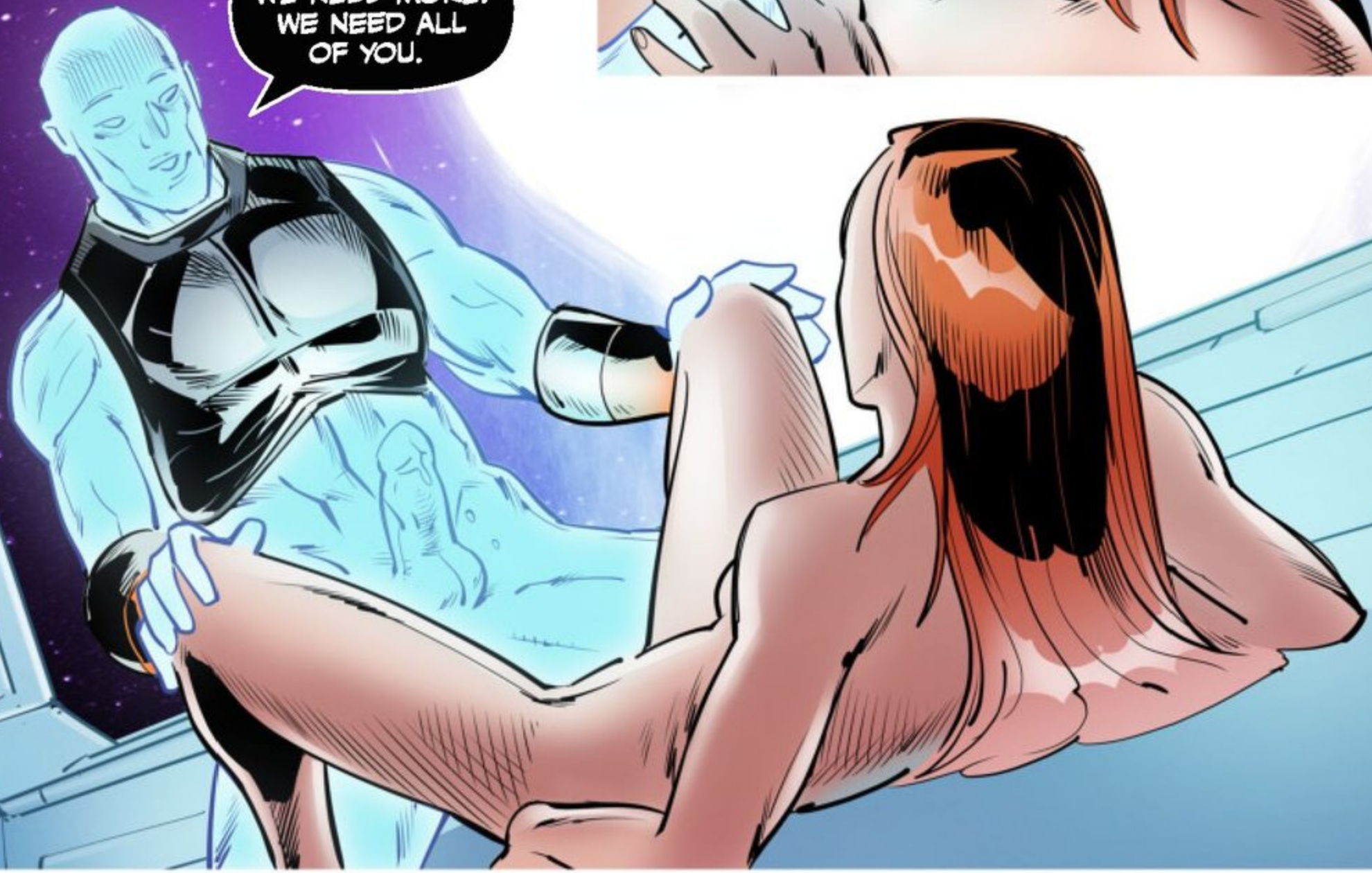


MMMM MMMMMNN!



GOOD?

YES. BUT WE NEED MORE. WE NEED ALL OF YOU.



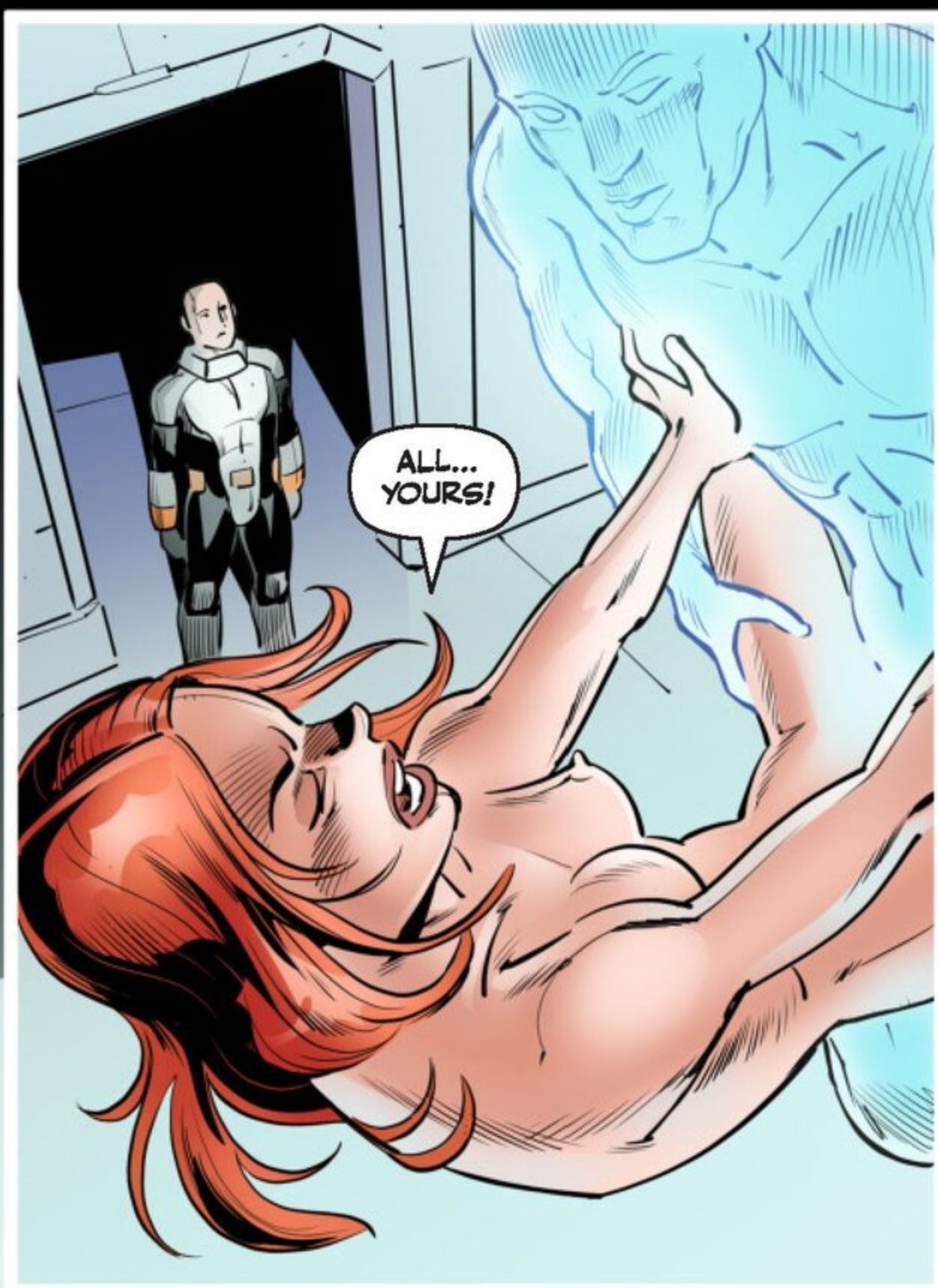
OOOOHH!!



AHH!

UNGH!

UUNNGHHH!





HER HEART
RATE IS STILL
CLIMBING.



YES, MY
READINGS ARE
THE SAME.

...SUBJECT'S
TEMPERATURE
IS VERY HIGH.

TRUE.



I CAN
FEEL THE HEAT
RADIATING OFF
OF HER.



PATIENT,
DO YOU FEEL...
ANYTHING?

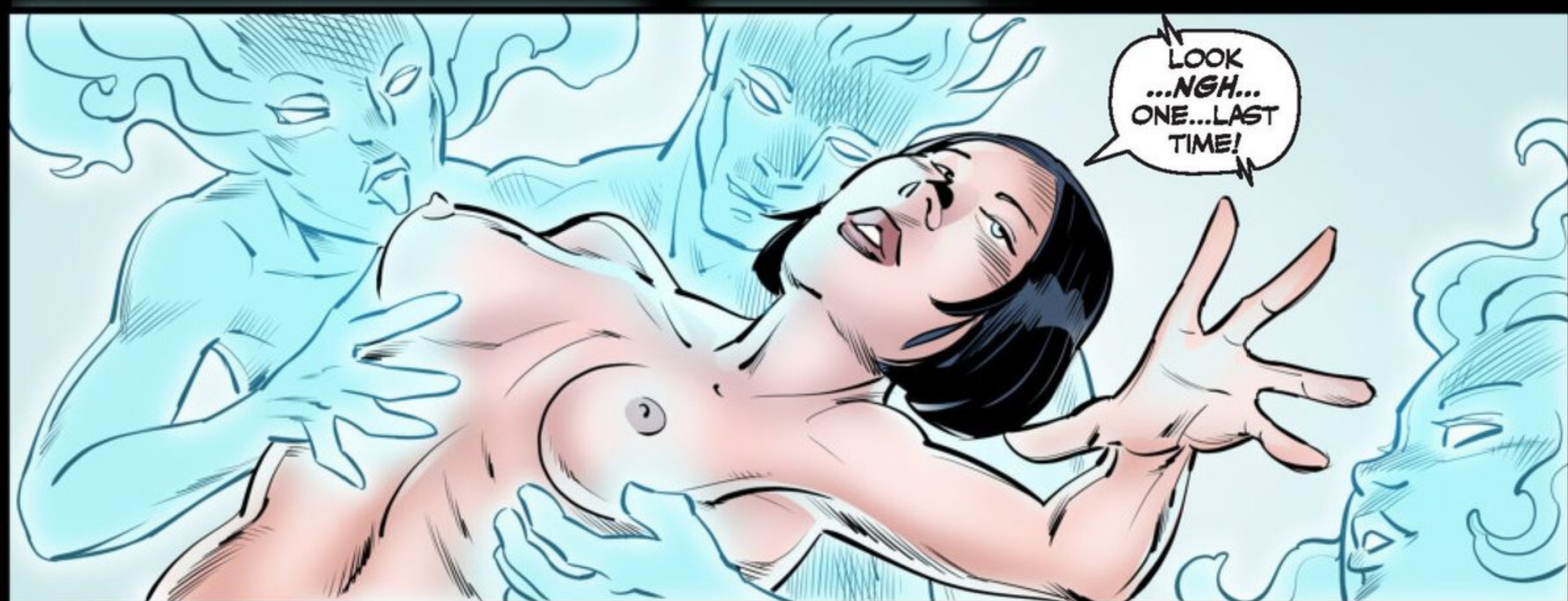
...YES.

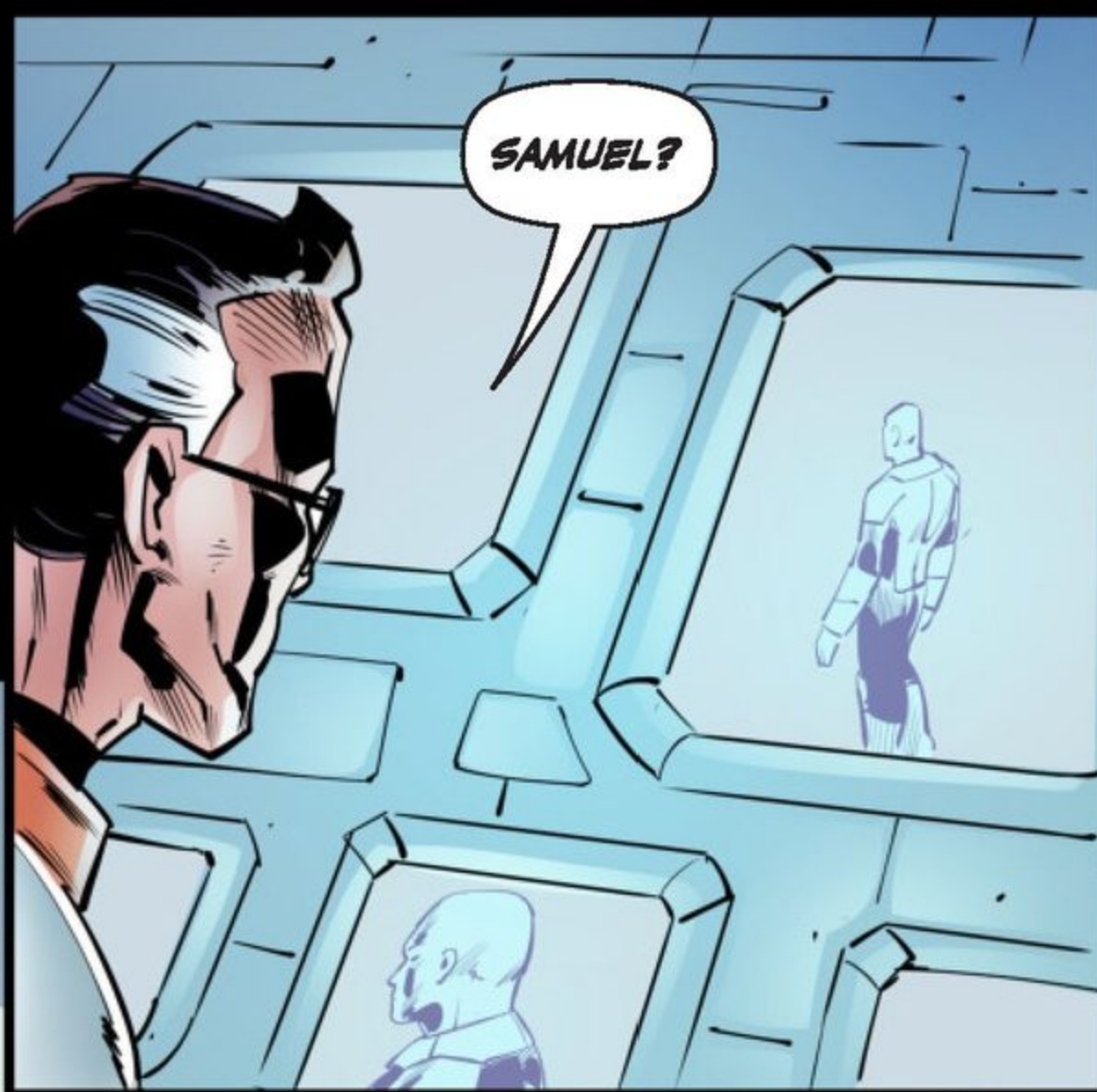
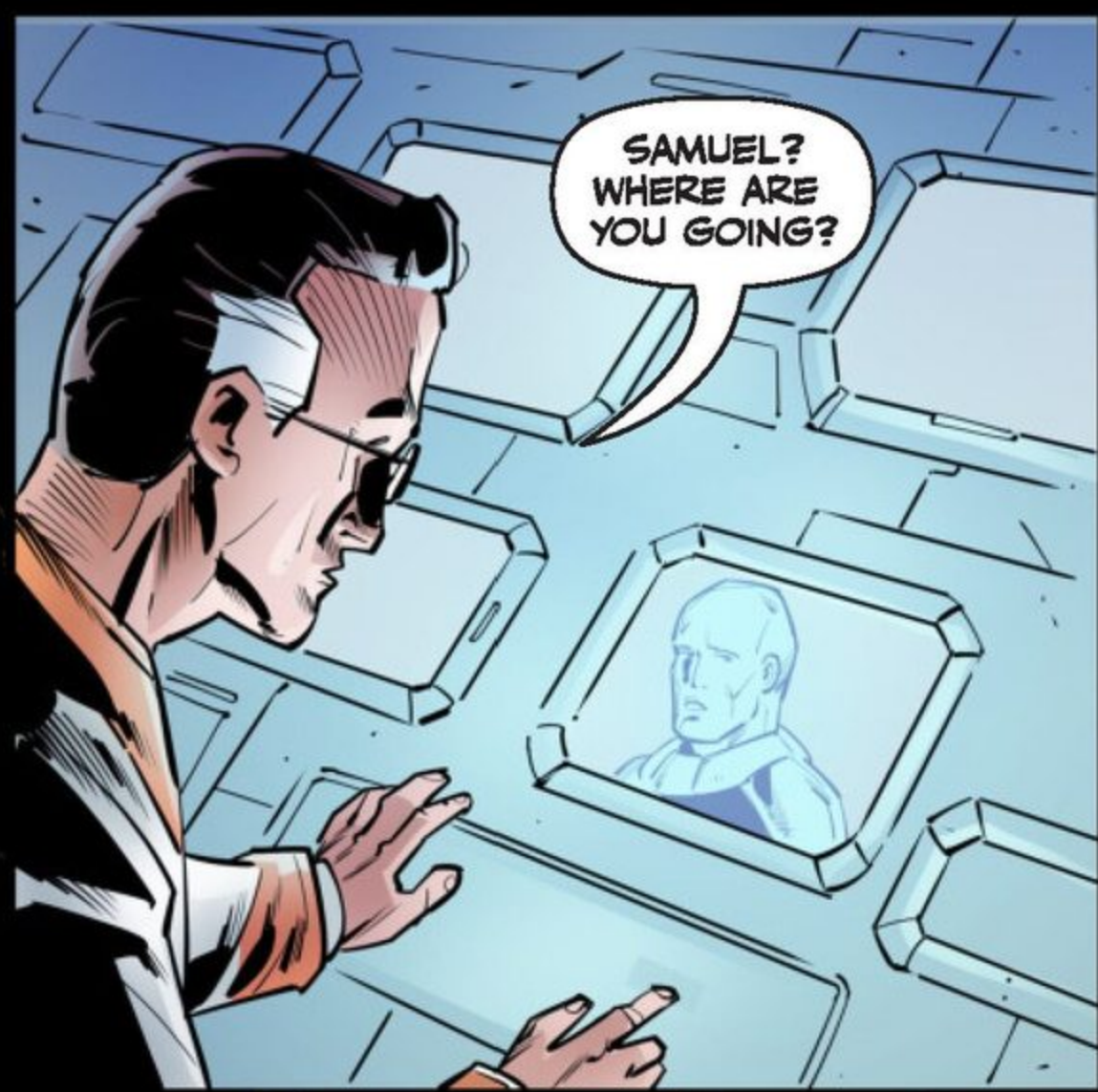
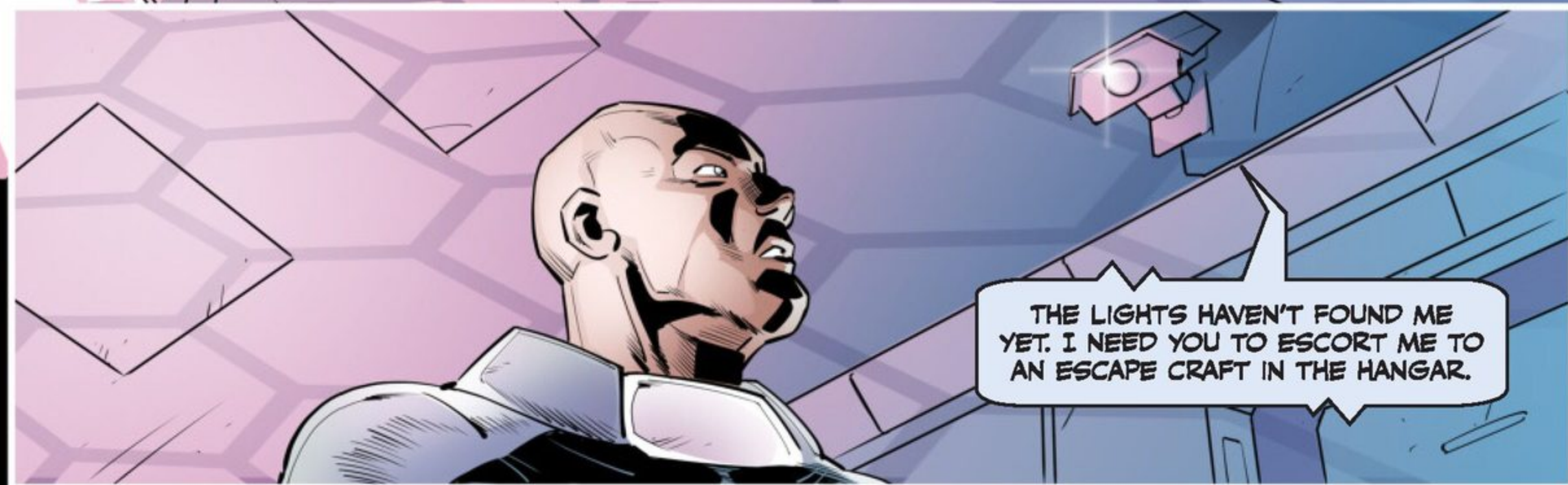


WANT
TO FEEL
MORE?







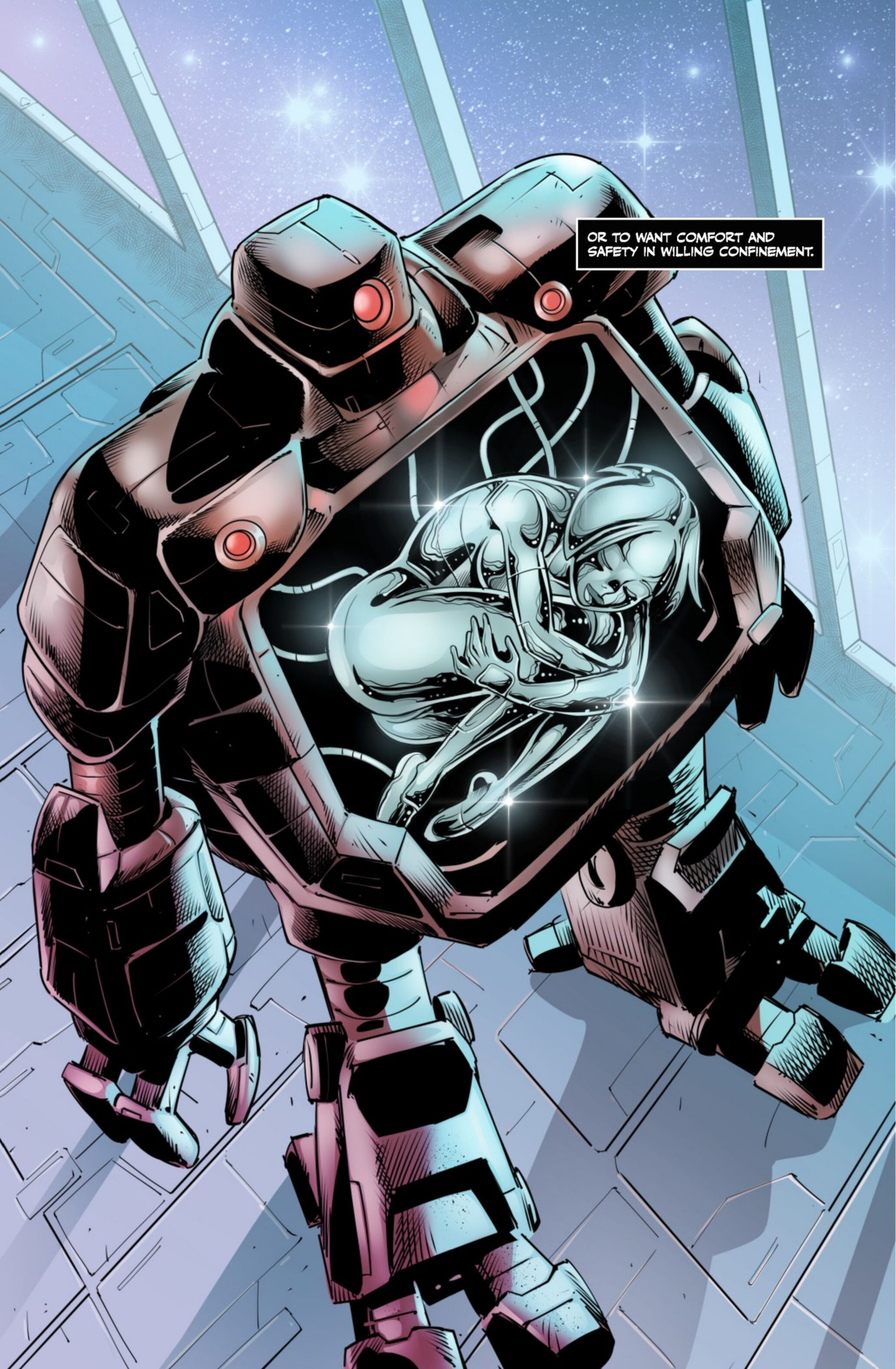






...TO TAKE THE BOLD STEPS
NECESSARY FOR DISCOVERY.



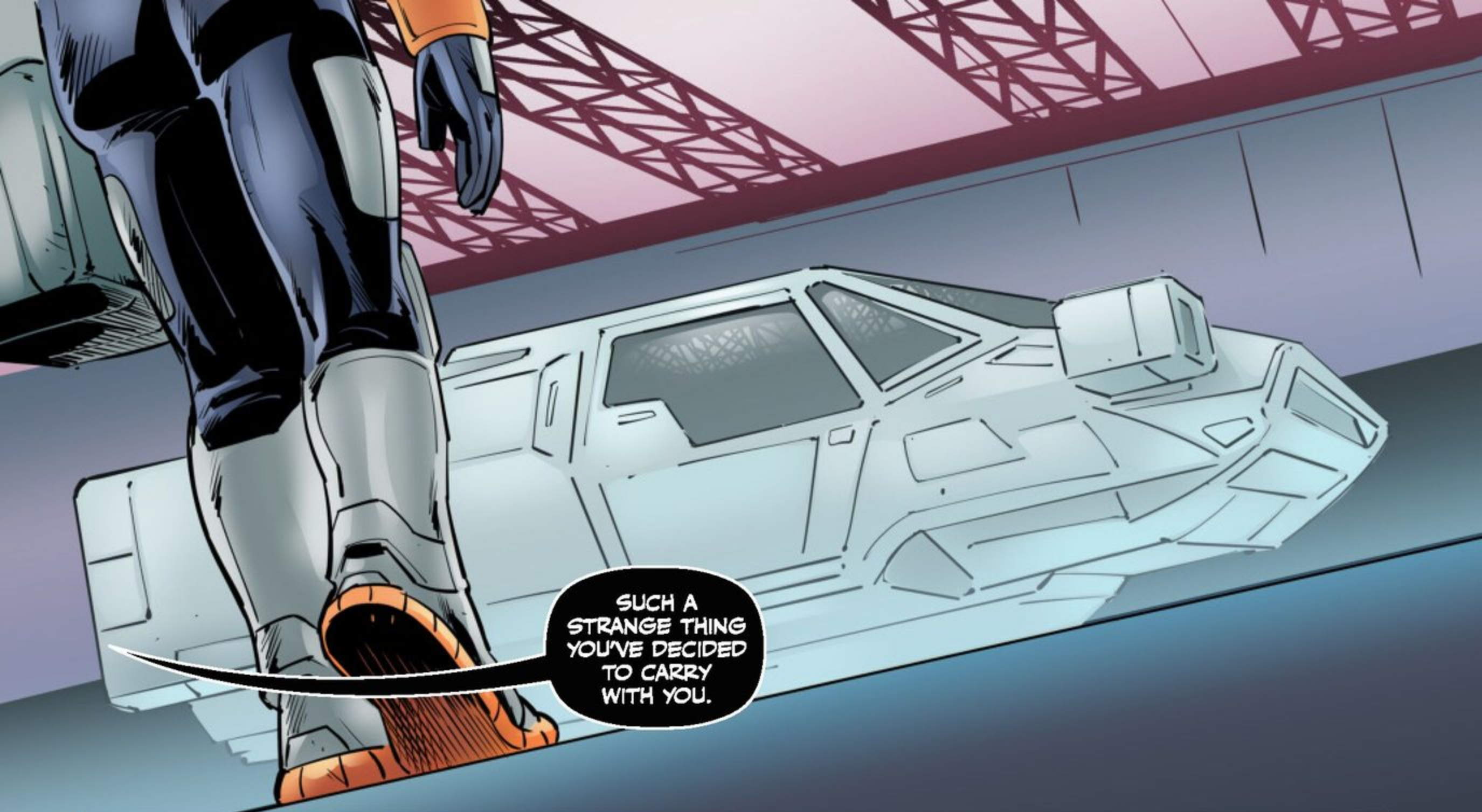


OR TO WANT COMFORT AND
SAFETY IN WILLING CONFINEMENT.



WHATEVER IT IS THAT KEEPS
YOU WALKING, SAMUEL, WE
CAN OFFER IT.

AND WE OFFER IT
WITHOUT JUDGEMENT.





DON'T GO. WE CAN'T...
WE *WON'T* GO BACK TO
OUR UNIVERSE. TELL US WHAT
YOU DESIRE TO STAY WITH
US, AND YOU WILL
HAVE IT.



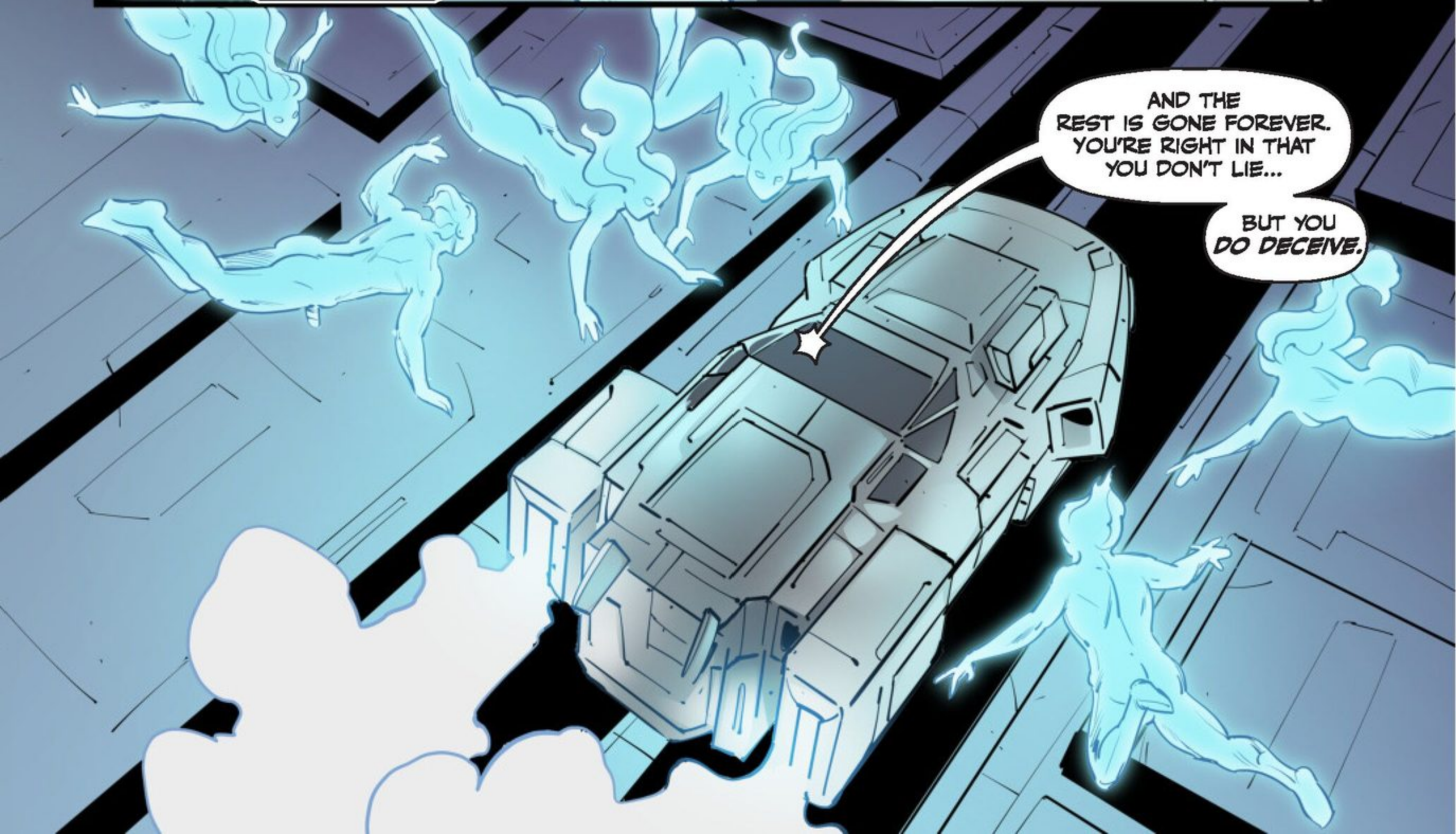
WHAT OF
PAGE?

SHE IS WITH
US NOW, BUT WE
CAN BRING HER
TO YOU.



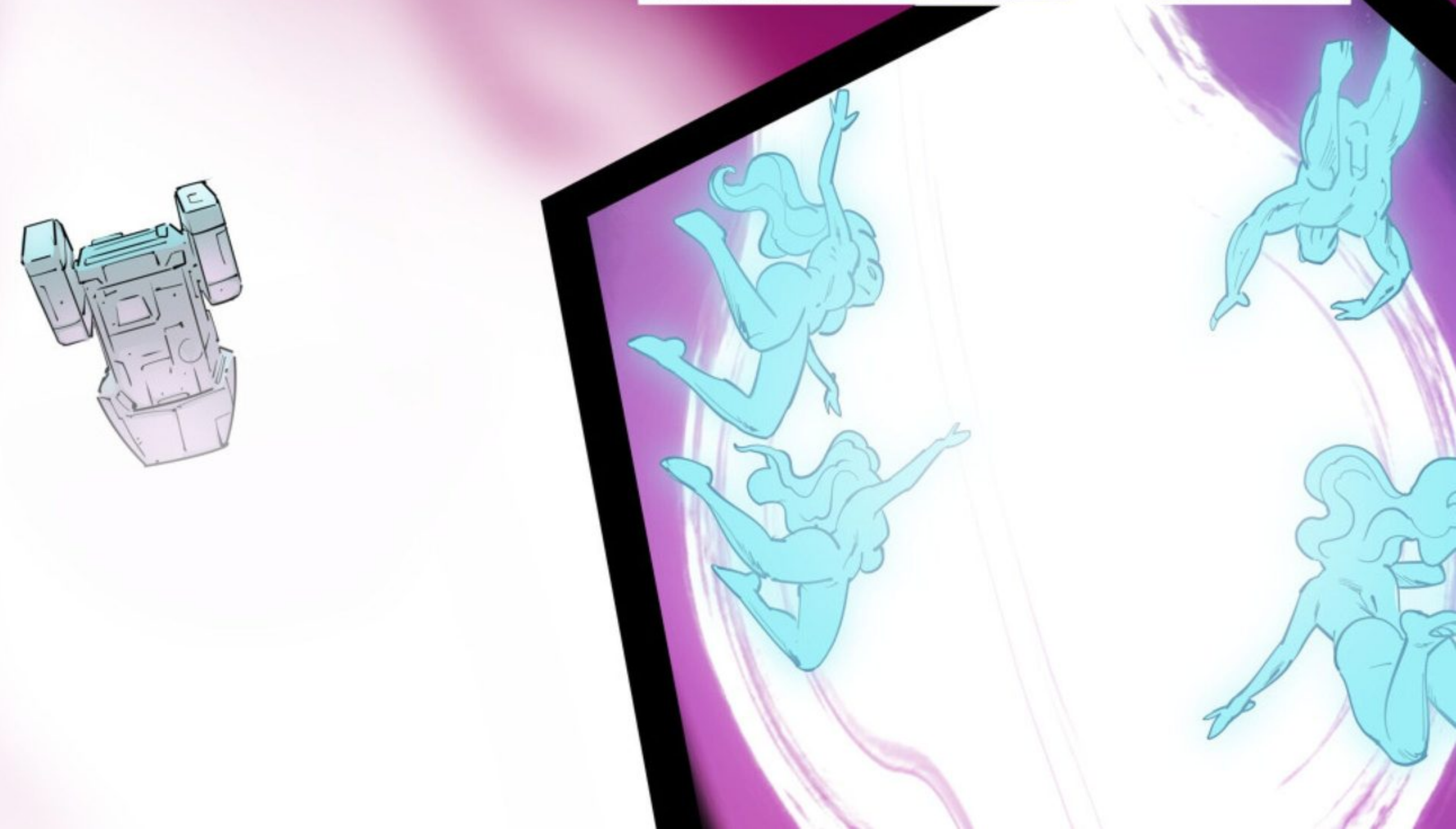
WE MAY
BE SELFISH, BUT
WE NEVER LIE. SHE
IS WITH US

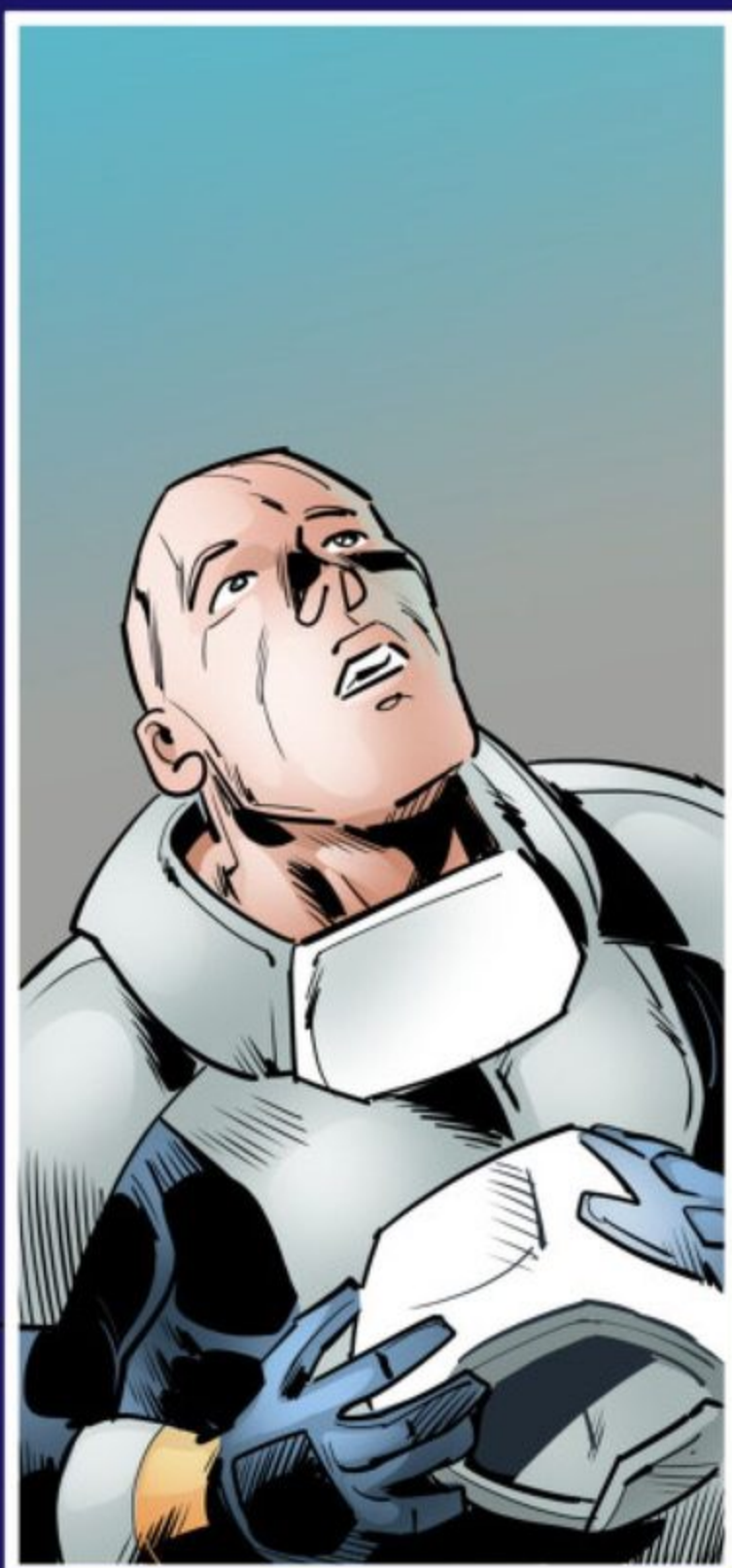
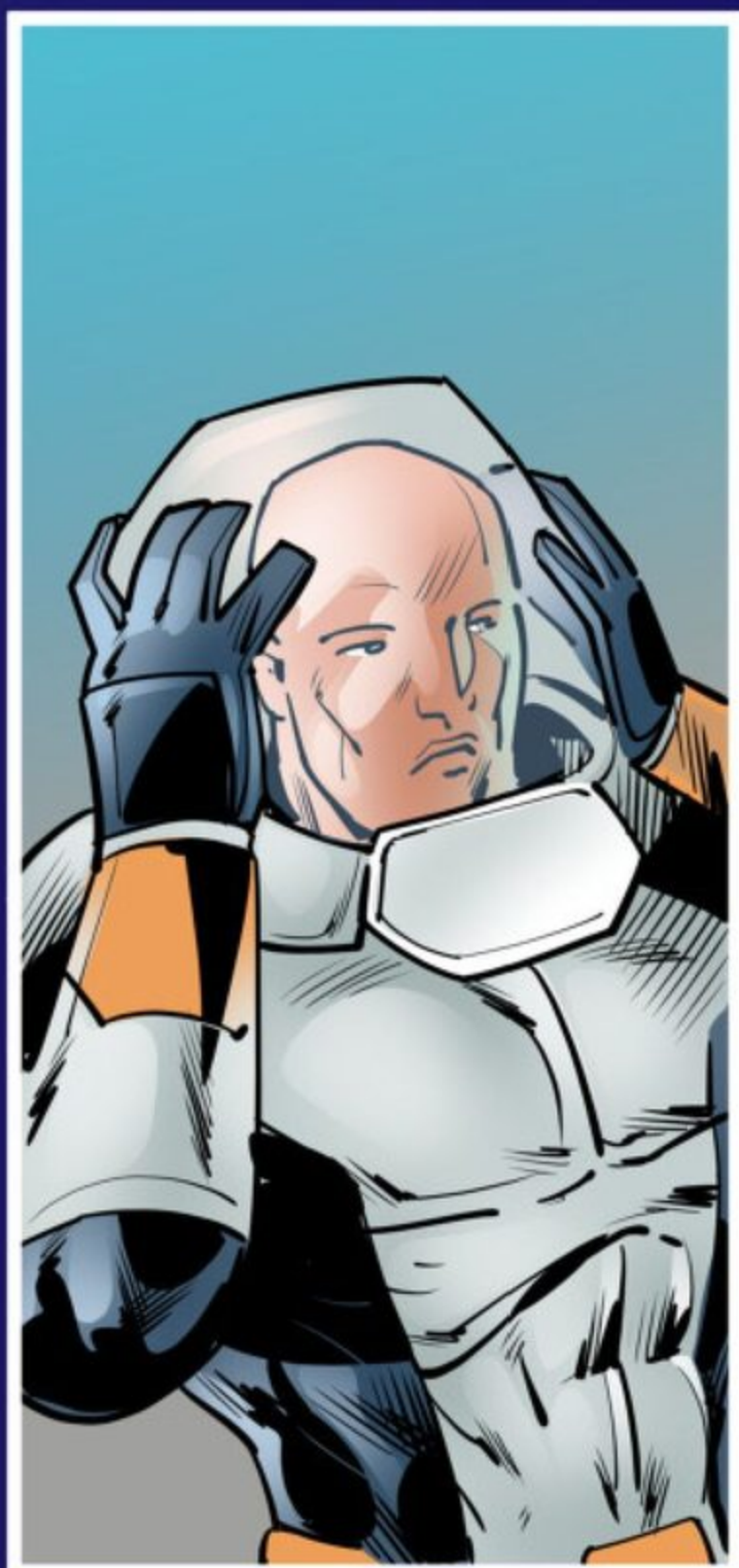
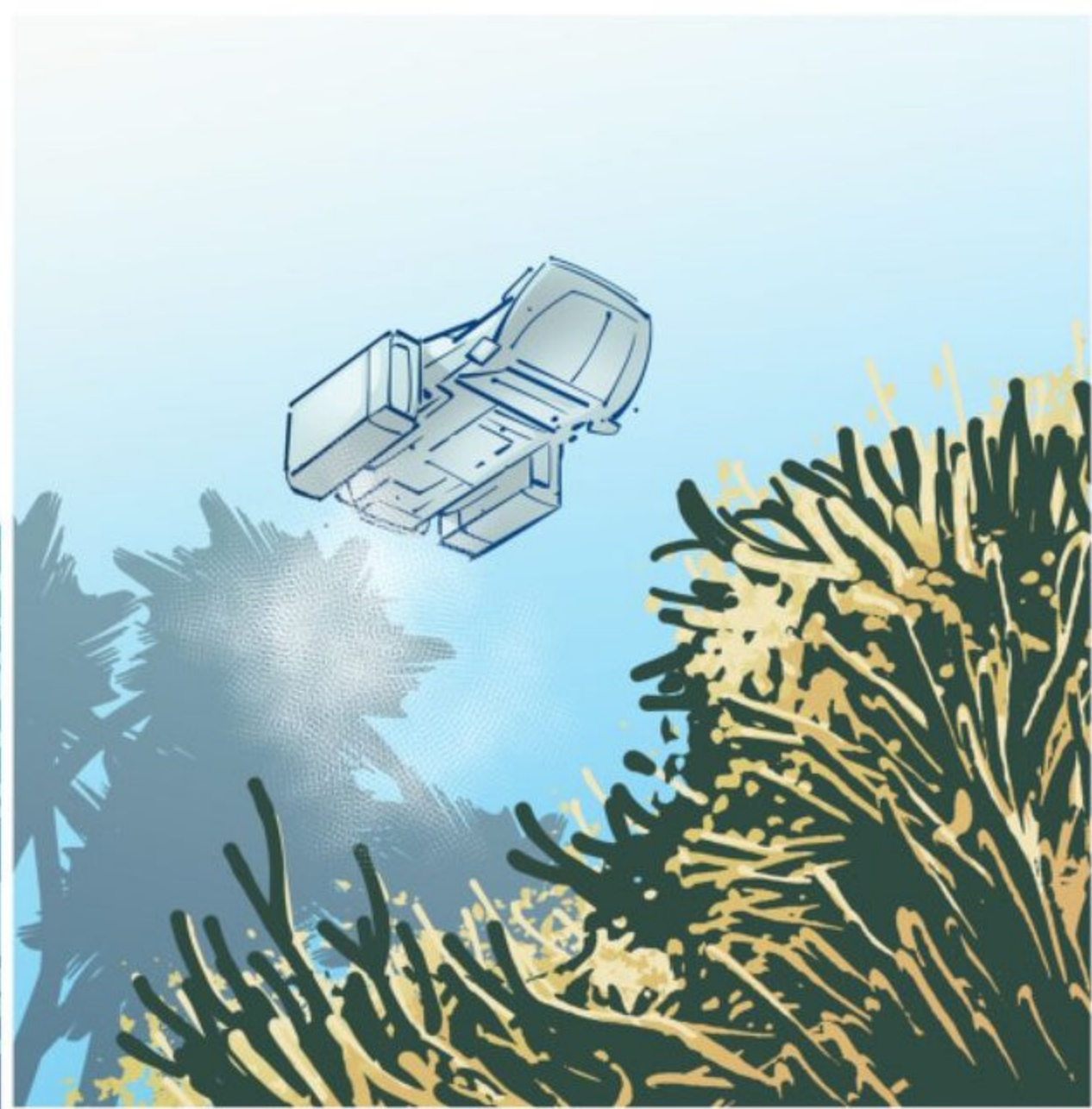
NO... ONLY
A PART OF
HER...

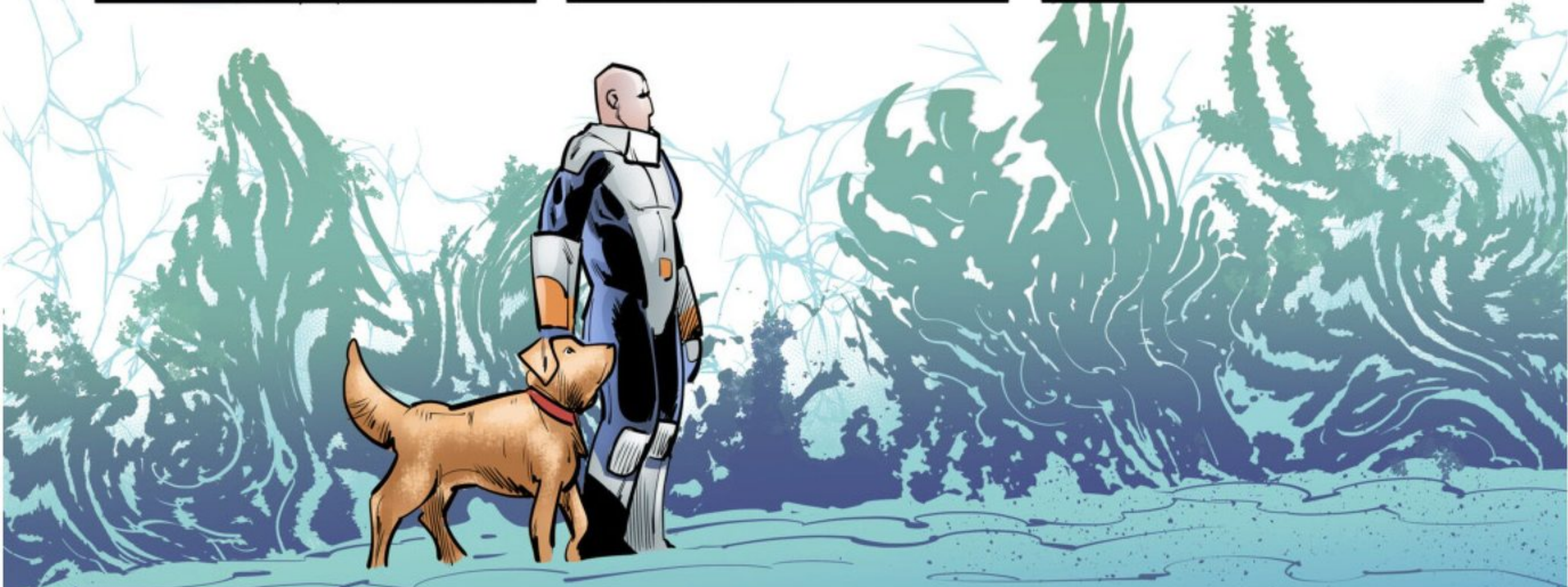


AND THE
REST IS GONE FOREVER.
YOU'RE RIGHT IN THAT
YOU DON'T LIE...

BUT YOU
DO DECEIVE.









END

From the journal of Dr. Carnissius

1st day of study.

Deceased specimen discovered at the lost outpost B 34 on Kavan. From its corpse, I hope we glean a weakness that we can use to our advantage.

3rd day of study.

No signs of decay. Proving that it is unlike anything known in our universe. I feel I've been staring at it so long, it's starting to look familiar.

5th day of study.

Incisions heal instantly. No, not heal. Just disappear like they were never there the very moment I first look away. I don't think it's restricted by what we accept as reality. That would explain so much.

7th day of study.

No changes of any kind noted with Zero signs of any cell activity. Everything is just inert! But still, I don't feel alone in here with her.

12th day of study.

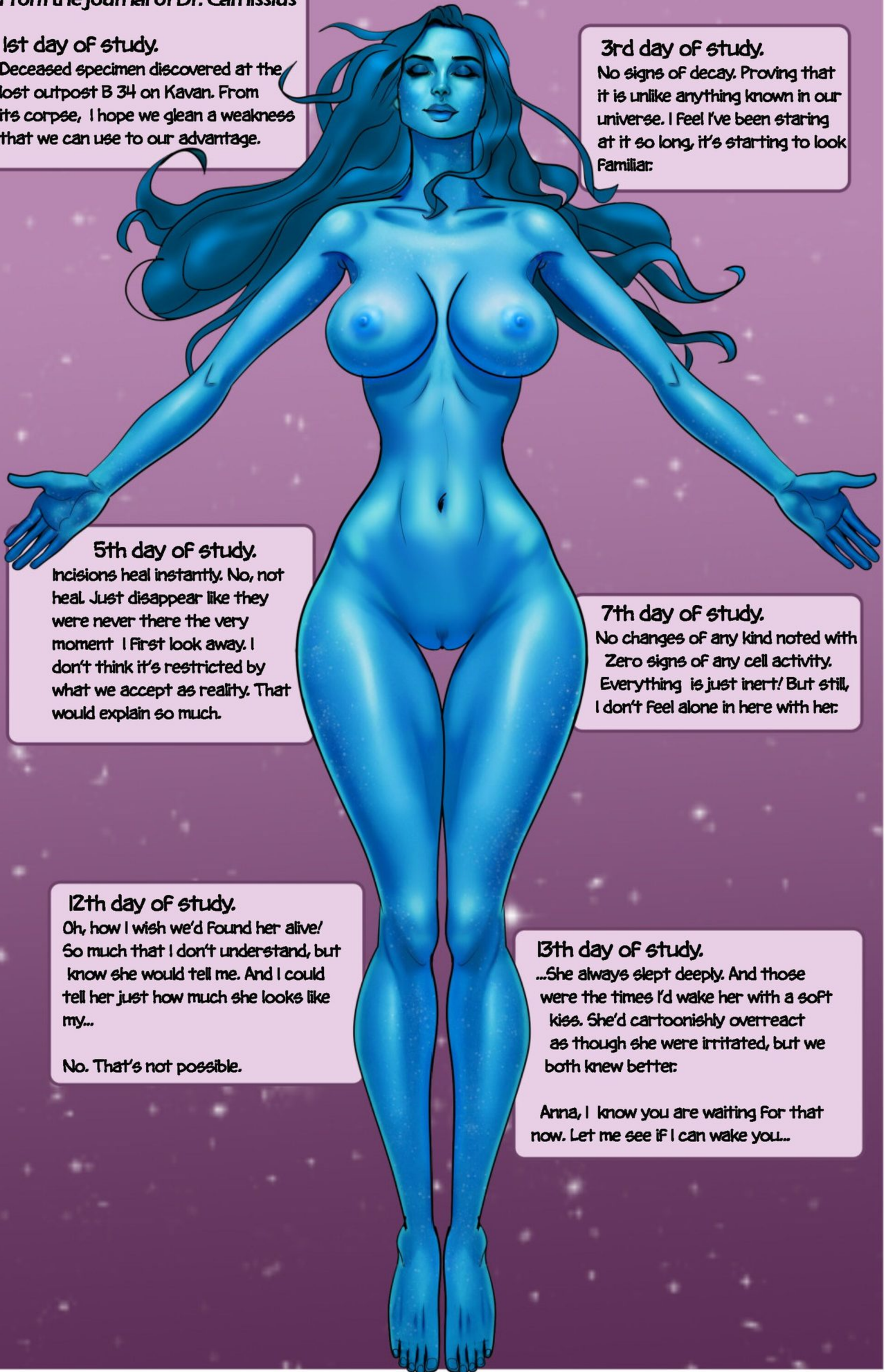
Oh, how I wish we'd Found her alive! So much that I don't understand, but know she would tell me. And I could tell her just how much she looks like my...

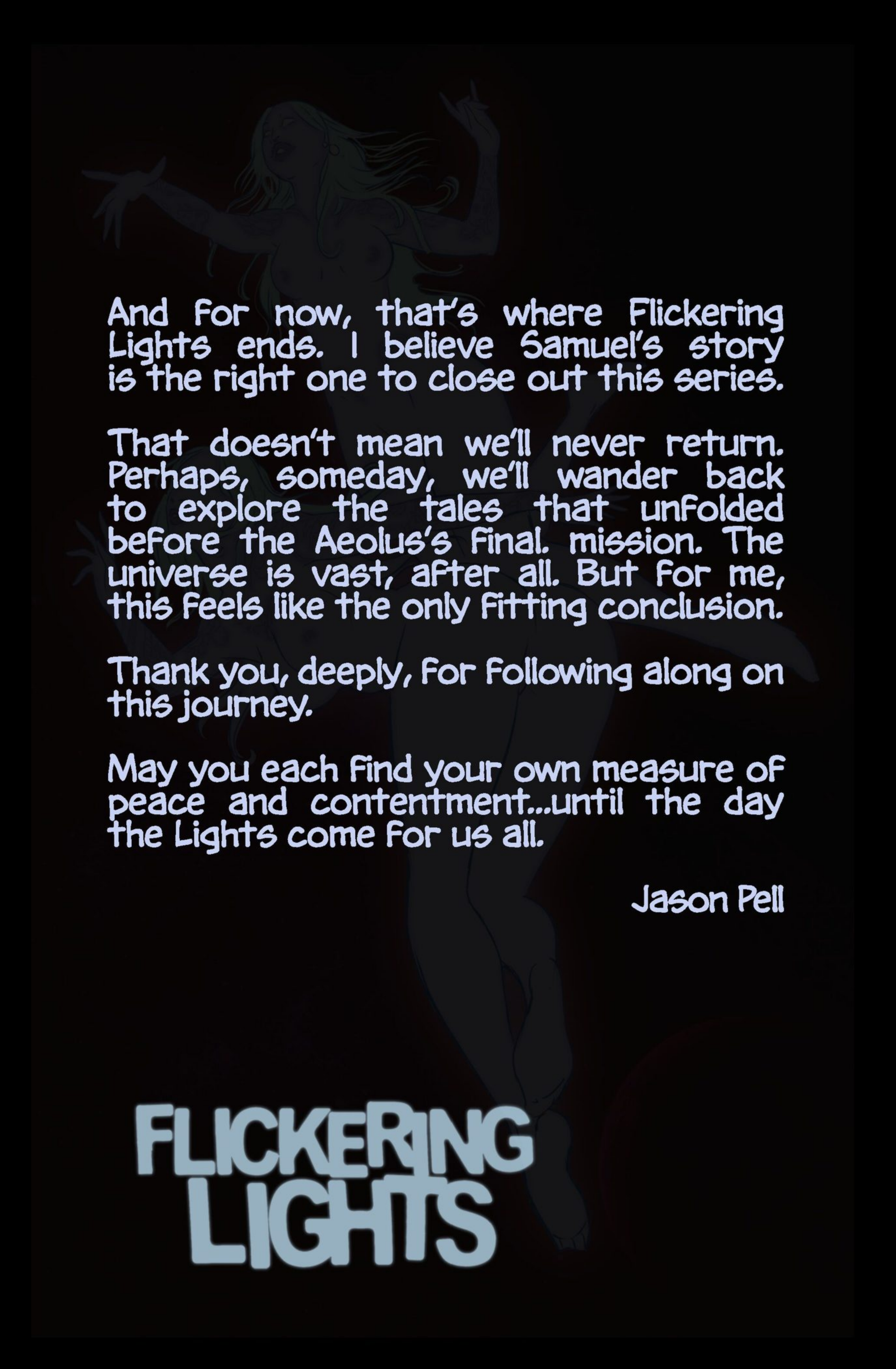
No. That's not possible.

13th day of study.

...She always slept deeply. And those were the times I'd wake her with a soft kiss. She'd cartoonishly overreact as though she were irritated, but we both knew better.

Anna, I know you are waiting for that now. Let me see if I can wake you...





And for now, that's where Flickering Lights ends. I believe Samuel's story is the right one to close out this series.

That doesn't mean we'll never return. Perhaps, someday, we'll wander back to explore the tales that unfolded before the Aeolus's final mission. The universe is vast, after all. But for me, this feels like the only fitting conclusion.

Thank you, deeply, for following along on this journey.

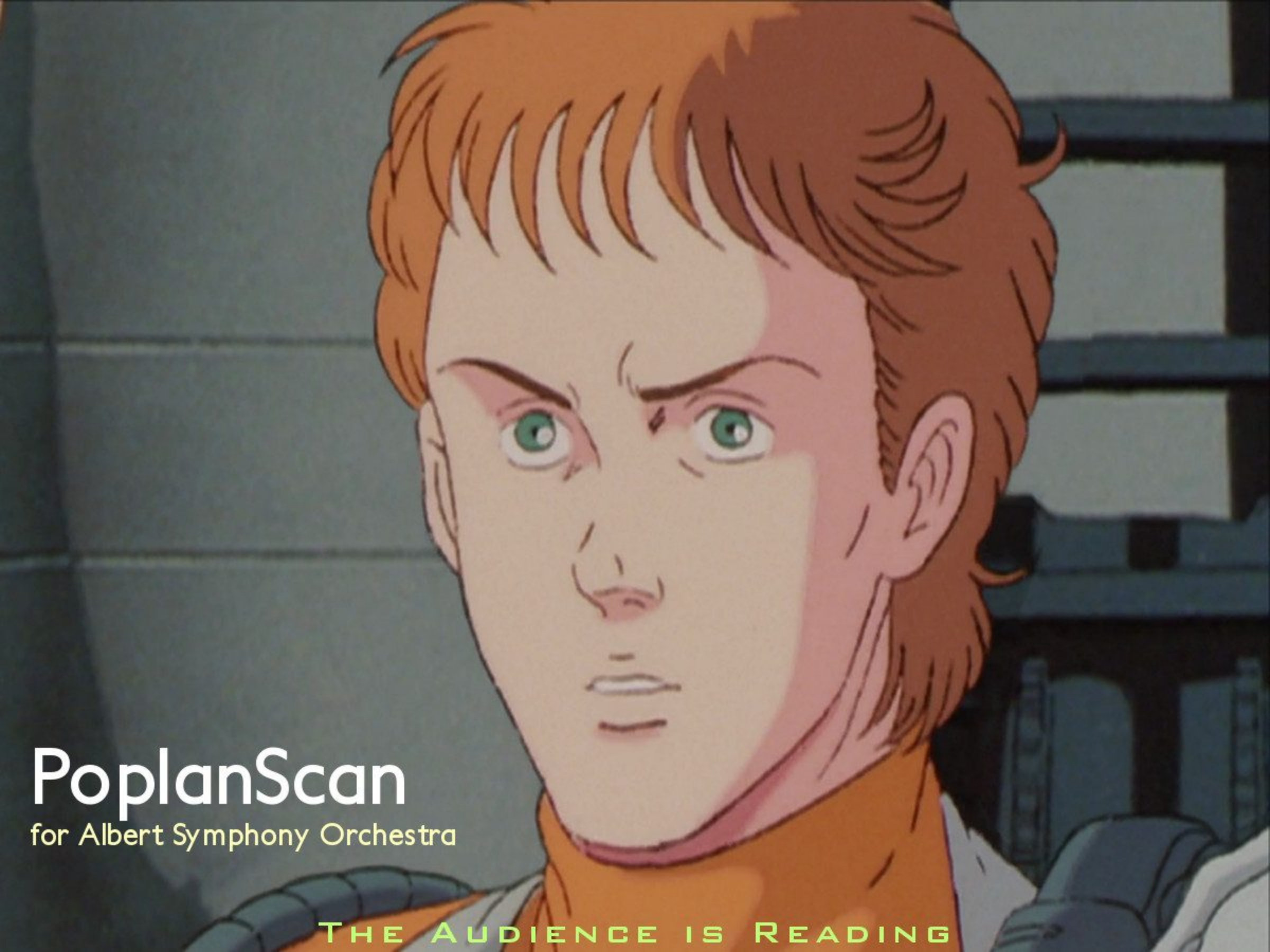
May you each find your own measure of peace and contentment...until the day the Lights come for us all.

Jason Pell

**FLICKERING
LIGHTS**



BAD BUG [MIDNIGHT]



PoplanScan

for Albert Symphony Orchestra

THE AUDIENCE IS READING